*Rich.* Then give me leave to goe.
*Bul.* Whither?
*Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
*Bul.* Goe some of you convey him to the Tower.
*Rich.* Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
*Bul.* On wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*
*Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
*Carl.* The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
*Aum.* You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?
*Abbot.* Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to supper, ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Queene, and Ladies.*

*Qu.* This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.
*Enter Richard and Gard.*
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,

And



'And wash him fresh againe with true-love teares.'
Ah thou the modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd grieve be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an Ale-house guest?
*Rich.* Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden; learne good soule,
To thinke our former State a happy dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (sweet)
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. Hie thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have throwne downe.
*Qu.* What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-pow'r'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?
*Rich.* A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beast,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that even heare thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winters teadious night sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why? the senceless Brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of my mooving tongue,

I

And